SOME BODYES ANSWER

12.

To a Letter ſent from

No Body in the City,

TO

No Body in the Country.

Written at the Requeſt of

SOME BODY.

Printed by *Some Body*, for *Any Body*, 1679.

Some Bodyes ANSWER To a LETTER, &c.

Dear Brother,

IF I was ever able to feel the Pulſe, or examine the Conſtruction of the Countrey; I muſt needs tell you it is at preſent much Different from that of the City; our Plow-jogging Ruſticks are very Incredulous, and we cannot thruſt it into their thick Sculls, that ſuch a thin airy Fictitious gentleman as your ſelf could ever be guilty of thoſe doughty Atchievements they Attribute to your Arms. No indeed my dear Brother, I cannot but with much grief acquaint you, that I more than ſhare with you in the Calumney; we have very few Poets, or ſuch exquiſite ingenious's as can dandle a Chymera, play with a Thought, or muffle up a Fancy till it frights them, and then run away from it, and call others as clear-ſighted as themſelves to admire the Prodigy; Their Courſe Faith wags not a ſtep beyond their Senſes, and they Love to Trace Actions, and their Actors, as they do Cony's from their firſt Track, Gradually along till at laſt they Arrive at their Holes, or Burrows; of which, hear a Remarkable Example.

A Proſperous Towns-man of ours Happening to live Next door to an envious, and unfortunate Neighbor, who knowing he had for divers years bin bleſt with a Plentiful flock of ſheep, (from whoſe wealthy Backs he had often Shorn ſuch ponderous Fleeces as had inricht his Coffers) Reſolv'd with ſome others of his Fraternity, to deſtroy them, and had by his Malicious induſtry Collected ſuch a Ravenous Regiment of Wolves, and Foxes, as had they been mainly let looſe, in one night might have devour'd them all; but being over-big with Univerſal Malice, and too impatient to time his deſign, and yet willing to whet his Appetite with an earneſt of his deſigned Vengeance, he eſpyed one Lamb among them more promiſing than any of the reſt, and reſolv'd, that ſhould immediately fall, as an earneſt of the Deſtruction of the whole Flock. The impious Reſolution was eaſily effected, and when they had taken the Innocent Creature, and Strangled him, and towr'd and plum'd themſelves over the Pittiful Conqueſt, they Stuck a Knife into his Body, and threw him in that ſad Manner over a great ditch of water into another mans Field; where the owner in two or three days time found him; and after he had Communicated the Treachery to his Neighbors, they preſently concluded, that the Lamb was too innocent, had it lain in his power to kill himſelf; that there being no blood ſeen near him, he muſt neceſſarily have been Butchered before either the Knife enter'd his Body, or he was brought to that Place; alſo finding his Fleece and Feet, dry, as if he had newly come out of the Sheep-fold, I ſay, by all theſe Circumſtances they unanimouſly concluded, that *Some Body* had deſpitefully kill'd him.

Alike Poſitive were they, when they heard of the Barbarous Death of that Loyal Knight, Sir *E. G.* They all cry'd out *SOME BODY* had Murder'd him; that *SOME BODY* ſhar'd *Four Thouſand* Pounds for the Fact ——That *SOME BODY* offer'd Violence to his Dead Corps, that *SOME BODY* had much adoe to bend the Stubborn *Proteſtant* (who ſeem'd incorrigeable ever after his deceaſe) to a Complyance with a Papiſtical Sedan; that *SOME BODY* Carried him as Butchers do Calves, before them on Horſe-back to *Primroſe* Hill, where *SOME BODY* Thruſt a Sword through his Lifeleſs Body, Rob'd him of his Pocket-Book only, and left his Silver, Gold, Watch, Rings, *&c.* in his Pockets, on purpoſe to perſwade *EVERY BODY* that *NO BODY* had Murder'd him

And with this beliefe, for a while, I hear they viciated your Credulous Town, but 'Ile aſſure you it never toucht the *Piamater* of a Rural Brain. Nothing would perſwade the Countrey but *SOME BODY* did it, and that *SOME BODY* knew of it, beſides thoſe *EVERY BODY* ſuſpects.

But to Clear you, and the Deceaſed, they Poſitively affirm'd, that it was alike impoſſible that it ſhould be done by *NO BODY*; as it was, that he could do it Himſelf; and therefore *SOME BODY* muſt be guilty. And to ſhew you their unparrelled inveteracy, Particularly againſt me, although they were aſſur'd that *SOME BODY* was Apprehended, Arraign'd, and (as they ſay) deſervedly Condemned, and Executed, for that moſt Horrid and Inhumane Act; yet, as if I were Immortal, or had more Lives than a Cat, I am ſtill Summoned like a Conjurers Divel, to anſwer e-

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very impertinent Interogatory; and remain anſwerable for every Extravagancy, or Villany, that is dayly Committed.

Nay, theſe late Tranſactions have (to my great diſadvantage) oblig'd the World to take a more ſevere inſpection into my Priſtine Miſdemeanors. The *Spaniſh Invaſion*, the *Gun-Power Plot*, the *French* and *Iriſh Maſſacre* (ſay they) were Certainly Hatcht and Deſign'd by *SOME BODY*: if by the ſuper Annuated Hawk with a Tripple Hood, (who as one lately obſerv'd, Succeſſively Degenerates into Kites and Buzzards) me thinks the Two laſt mentioned ſeaſons of Prey, might have Gorg'd him almoſt to a ſurfeit, when ſo many Thouſands of Pious and Moderate Chriſtians, were ſqueez'd under the gripes of his unmerciful Tallons.

Did the Articles of my Impeachment reſt here, yet I were within ſome glimering hopes of a Vindication, as having the Prerogative to be born of Remarkable Parents; there is *SOME BODY* of my Relations and Acquaintance, whoſe gilded Treachery paſſes for Loyalty; who with an admirable dexterity Can ſet a *Geneva* look on a *Roman* Face, and ſeem any thing but what he is; from him I might then expect all the exemption immaginable: But alas, thoſe Inſolent, and Inquiſitive *Hereticks* ſtill continue the Fatal Queſt; and having had a Smatch of our Reeking Guilt, perſu'd us even in the Purſuit of our Royal Game, they follow us to *Windſor*, and though we went thence with a full Cry to *New-Market*, they Croſt our Way and Spoil'd our Sport,

Who otherwiſe in feirce and low'd Carreer
Had Cæſar *fal'n, ere he had fal'n his Deer.*

when this came to be diſcours'd on in Coffee Houſes and Taverns, every one could Whiſper that *SOME BODY Would* have done it; and indeed my Friend, *SOME BODY* has bin fairly examined, and as fairly Truſt Up about it, though by the ſubtle inſinuators of *SOME BODY*, the Implicit Zealots, as you very well remarked, equivocated their Necks into Halters, and by a Fatal Precipitation of the *Tyburnian Jennet* fooliſhly adventur'd their Everlaſting Bliſs.——

But ſince this, we have bin buſied with nimble Revolutions, the Diſſolution of the laſt Parliament much heightened our Expectations; Although we could hardly ſqueez in ſufficient Intereſt to Diſappoint their Sciſmatical Elections; yet we have not fail'd, as far as in us lay, in our continual Itinerations through every City, Town or Village, to aſperſe the moſt remarkable of the Members of Both Houſes as great *Contrivers*, and Friends to *France*, &c. Next, we make it our Dayly buſineſs to obſtruct the Raiſing of Mony, for Nationall uſes, by Whiſpering ſuch Unreaſonable demands as cannot be granted without a palpable breach of Royal Prerogatives: *Thirdly*, we rub up forgetfull Epiſcopals with the Fair pretences uſed about *Forty One*, and by Confidently affirming, there is no ſuch thing as a Plot, give them reaſons to fear the Serpentine *Rump* is again joyn'd to its Fulſome Body; and having almoſt theſe Twenty years Silently recruited under the indulgent Beams of a Merciful Monarch, intend now, to Relaps into their former Rebellion.

By ſuch Subtleties as theſe, we thought to have ſet *Cæſar* and his *Senate* at Variance, And have introduced *Some body*, who under pretence of taking up the

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Quarrel, (like the Kite in the Fable) ſhould have Snatcht up both the Warriers. But theſe our Expectations are now utterly Fruſtrated; though the Difficulty in pitching on a *Speaker*, ſomewhat reviv'd our Dying Hopes; we lately heard our Old Friend—— is likely after all his *Eloquence*, to be Crowded into Limbo, as our Immortal C. was to Tyburn, Though both of them might have been much more welcome to *Some body.*——

To Conclude, if we may Credit the diſcours of the Country, the King and Parliament go on hand in hand, and are in all probability likely ſo to do; But if they ſhould differ about Trifles, waſt their little time for preparation againſt Forraign Enemies, in a needleſs Debate of Prerogatives and Priviledges, or prefer private *Agrievances*, before publick Complaints, I will not ſay who will have greateſt reaſon to Repent it, though I could name.

Some Body.

FINIS.

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